



Altona Collegian

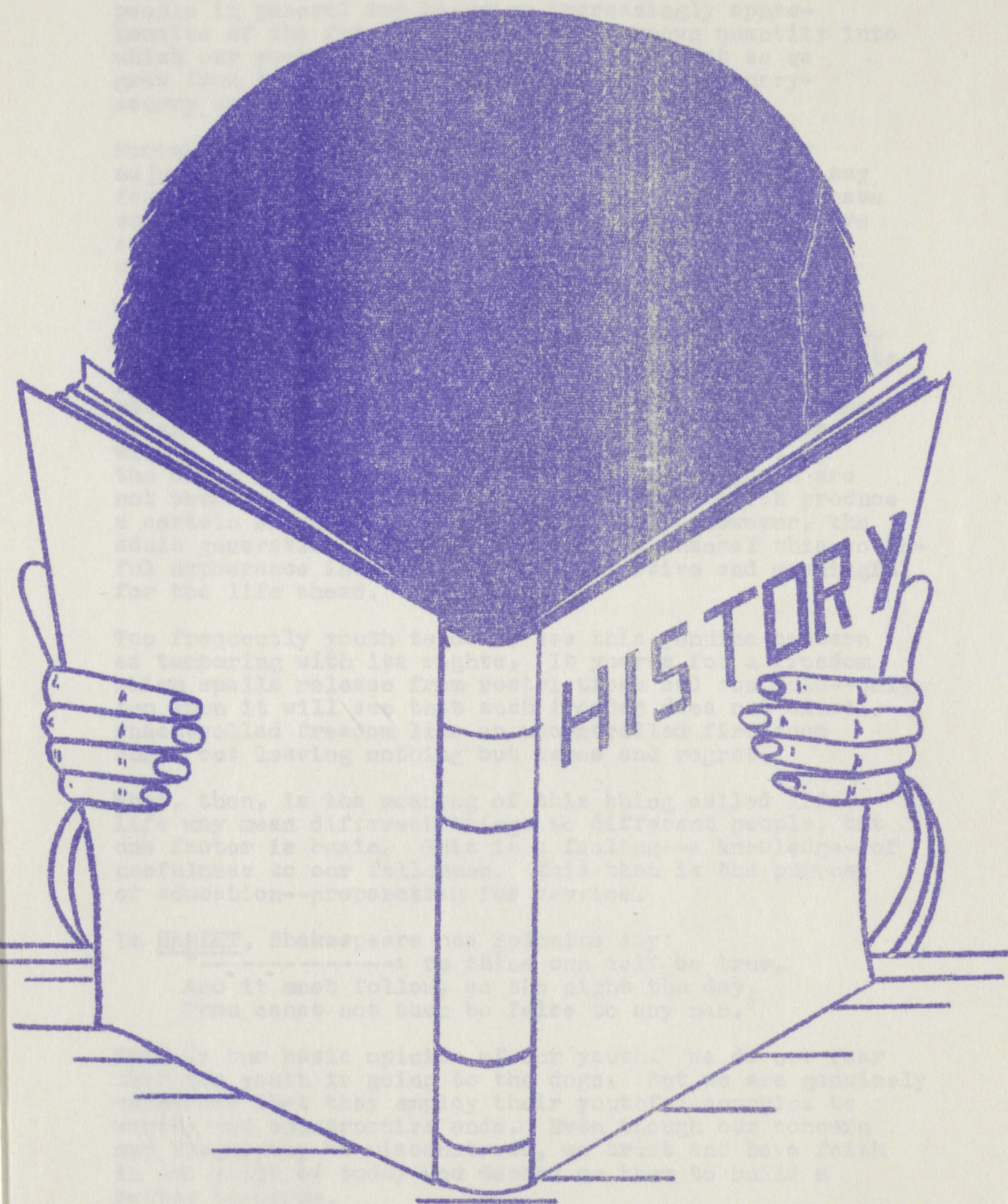
SPRING 1964

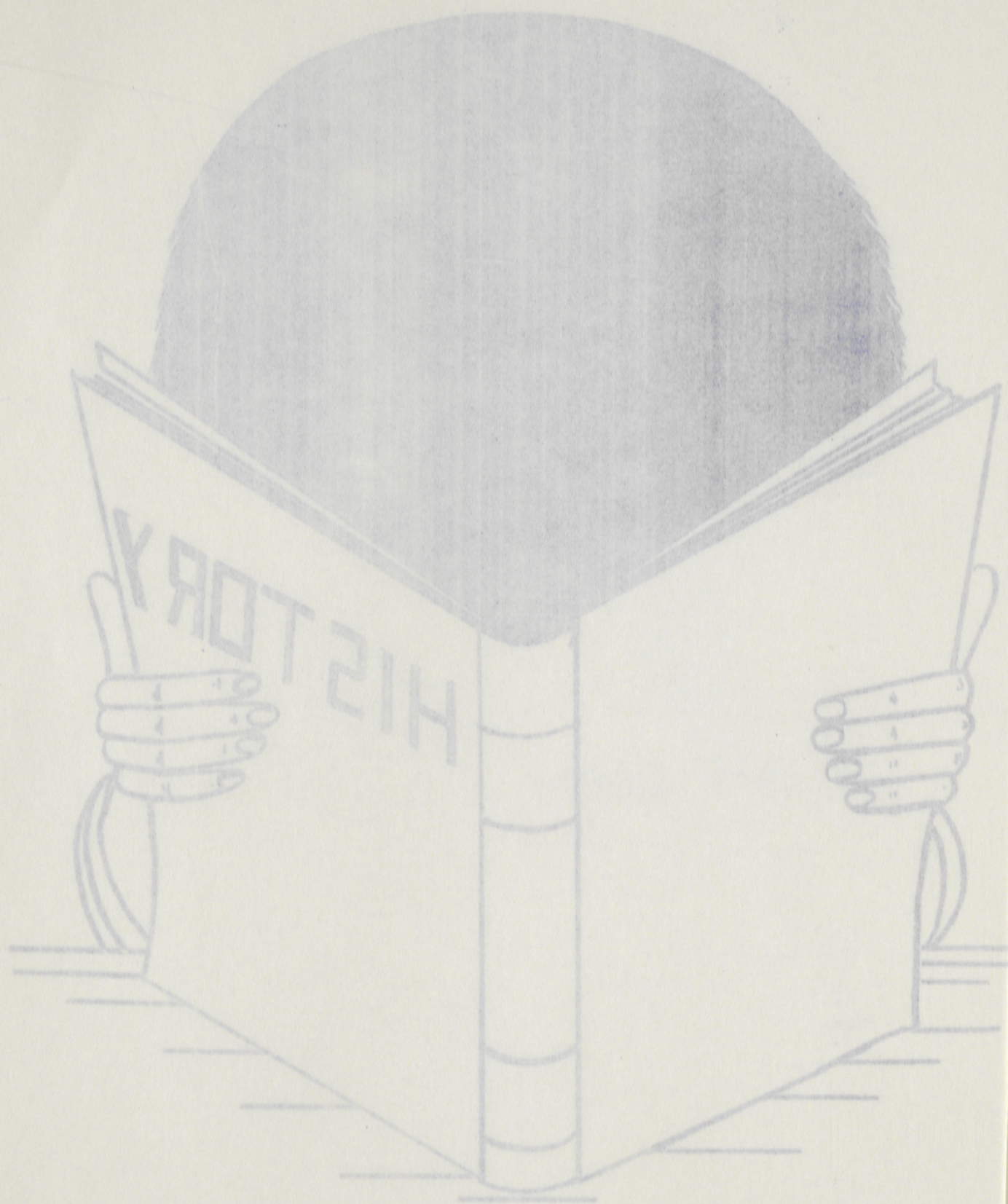


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THIS THING CALLED LIFE

Seemingly life is becoming increasingly complex and people in general are becoming increasingly apprehensive of the future. It is this unknown quantity into which our younger generation is growing just as we grew from a much slower tempo life into the hurry-scurry existence of today.

Fortunately these changes come gradually, allowing adjustment to the changing of the times--adults of say forty and over must certainly admit that the times have changed. Man must be aware of the conditions that have existed, exist--and in the light of these, evaluate and attempt to create his ideal.

There must be a point of continuity in life. This is achieved by the co-existing generations. The younger generation moves up and ahead on the shoulders of its parents. These in turn, guide, direct and sometimes retard action, depending on circumstances. The younger generation, basically vibrant with energy and filled with a zest to live, is frequently misunderstood by the older generation because the actions of youth are not tempered by the many trials and errors which produce a certain amount of maturation. Usually, however, the adult generation attempts to guide and channel this youthful exuberance into something constructive and meaningful for the life ahead.

Too frequently youth tends to see this genuine concern as tampering with its rights. It yearns for a freedom which spells release from restrictions and controls--only too soon it will see that such freedom does not exist. Uncontrolled freedom like an uncontrolled fire soon burns out leaving nothing but ashes and regret.

What, then, is the meaning of this thing called life? Life may mean different things to different people, but one factor is basic. This is a feeling--a knowledge--of usefulness to our fellowmen. This then is the purpose of education--preparation for service.

In HAMLET, Shakespeare has Polonius say:
"-----: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

This is our basic opinion of our youth. We do not fear that our youth is going to the dogs. But we are genuinely concerned that they employ their youthful energies to worthy and constructive ends. Even though our concern may frequently be misconstrued, we trust and have faith in our youth of today and depend on them to build a better tomorrow.

-----A. Hildebrand

I.S.C.F. Report

After New Year's, our ISCF club slowly adopted a new policy concerning the time of the meetings. Now, almost all meetings are held from 12:30 to 1:15 P.M. on Tuesdays, rather than the customary 7:00 to 8:00 P.M. on the same day. This made it easier for those to come who lived outside of town, but were always at school during the noon hours. The socials, however, are still held in the evenings. The prayer meetings are still held at the regular time, at 8:30 A.M. on Tuesday mornings.

During the past few months, we have had many interesting speakers on a diversity of topics. Talks were given on the Radio Ministry (Mr. J. K. Klassen), on the Barbados (Mr. B. Smith), and on Prayer (Mr. Frank Epp). One noon hour, Mr. Bernie Wiebe came over and answered some questions which the ISCF members had asked. We also had a skating party, films and a Bible study during the past term.

At the present, we are looking forward to the annual spring conference together with Winkler and Morden which this year will be held at Camp Arnes on the shores of Lake Winnipeg.

Grant Thiessen, Sec. Treas.

Executive

Gerald Gerbrandt - President
Joe Braun - Vice President
Grant Thiessen - Secretary
Elaine Gerbrandt - Grade X Rep.

Church Representatives

Clifford Falk - United Church
Dolores Heinrichs - Free Church
Brian Hildebrand - E.M.M.C. Church
Gordon Friesen - Bergthaler Church
Margaret Loewen - Altona Menn. Church

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LITERARY

THE DAY THE KING ALMOST CAME

The news was out! A newspaper boy slapped a copy of the Regina Leader-Post heralding the news on the counter of MacCracken's General Store.

The proprietor, George MacCracken, picked up the paper and read the headlines. First he twirled the left branch of his Victorian moustache, and then let it go, and it snapped back into position. George was a fine looking middle-aged man. His hair was turning gray. When they entered the store, the customers always saw a lanky man with wire-framed spectacles balanced on his nose. For thirty years George had "tended to the need of the farmin' folk" in the small Saskatchewan village of Georgeville. George lowered the news paper and read the headline: "King to visit Canada."

"That so?" said one of his customers.

"Yep," answered George. "Guess he'll be comin' to Georgeville."

"You reckon so?" asked an old-timer, changing his perch on the pickle barrel.

"Naw," another old-timer added; "Can't see why'd he come to our town."

The first old-timer nodded in agreement. "Yah, ain't nothin' special about Georgeville. Only a small farmin' village."

"Why," George said astonished, "how many other towns got the name of Georgeville. You won't find a town of the same name 'tween here'n'the Rockies. Anyway, we lies on the main line of the CNR. The King's got to come through."

Both nodded in agreement.

Word passed quickly through the whistle-stop. Though no

one knew definitely whether or not the monarch was to stop, the Committee for the Preparation of the Activities of the Royal Visit was set up. The eagerness of the people seemed to melt the icy January snow. The election of the committee was the first step.

The meeting was held in the larger of the two rooms of the school. The desks were stacked in one class to make room for benches in the other. The day chosen was the second Thursday in January. The whole town was there, as well as people from the surrounding countryside. George took a strategic position near the front. He longed to be on the committee.

Mayor Henry Whitefield cleared his throat and with great emphasis bellowed:

"The meeting shall come to order."

The buzzing of voices slowed and stopped.

"We have gathered here," he continued "to prepare for our Royal Visitors this summer."

A feeling of pride swept over the people.

The elections were carried out rapidly and quietly. George was elected president. Samuel T. Johnson, a wealthy farmer of the district and a former member of the Legislative Assembly, was elected vice-president. The woman's representative was Miss Clarabelle Isabella, who had taught the lower grades at the school for twenty-three years.

The first seven meetings of the newly-elected committee were held every other evening. Gradually, they changed to once a week and eventually, fortnightly. For several months, no meetings were held. Then, one warm day in May--Victoria Day--George filled with a new zeal of patriotism, called together Samuel and Miss Isabella. There were two months till the Royal Visit.

On the following day, the committee met at George's residence above the store. Mrs. MacCracken served coffee and rhubarb pie. She and Miss Isabella discussed the newest fashions that had appeared in the previous day's weekly town newspaper, while George and Samuel discussed farming problems. When the lastbound train came whistling through Georgoville, George cleared his throat.

"Uh-hem," he said earnestly, "we have two months to prepare for that day in July."

The others nodded in agreement.

"There are numerous details," he continued, "which must be looked after. It was decided at our last meetin' to serve His Highness brandy."

Miss Isabella perked up. "I don't remember that!" she barked at the two.

George and Samuel agreed. They had discussed this aspect of the preparation after Miss Isabella left. The bell at fire-house clanged then and Miss Isabella left. Though the time was only 9:00, she said she could best do her duty, when she had plenty of rest. Miss Isabella was replaced by a "friendlier companion" - a decanter of gooseberry wine.

The days idled through on the calendar. The farming people visited Georgeville periodically. Most of them had forgotten about the visit. The committee worked feverishly. Finally, one morning, George opened the curtain of his bedroom window to let the light stream in. "This is the day," he thought. Briefly, the day's itinerary flitted through his mind.

At 10:00 A.M. the King and Queen would arrive. On his arrival there would be speeches and words of welcome. At noon, the Royal Couple would eat. The afternoon was to be spent viewing the town, and a program of local talent was to be presented. The Monarchs would eat again before they left.

After breakfast, George sauntered through the village to see if all preparations were completed. What he saw filled his heart with pride. The gray, dusty telephone poles on the main street were covered with red, white, and blue tissue paper. Streamers were hung across the street. Union Jacks jutted out of every window. All the windows were glistening. The dust had been brushed off the clapboard buildings. A sign at the railway station spelled out WELCOME. The whole station was a mass of red, blue, and white tissue paper, streamers, and Union Jacks. The village would have marvelled Cortez, had he come on the train.

At the hotel, Miss Isabella was in charge of food. There was a large accumulation of food. Two tables were covered with pies; another three with cakes and cookies. Three pigs and two calves had been slaughtered for the day. The meat was sizzling over spits. Huge pots were prepared for cooking potatoes. A large assortment of vegetables had been prepared.

The time was 9:50 - ten minutes to go. George marched over to the station platform. Three rows of chairs were set in a semi-circle facing the crowd of people that had come to witness the glorious visit. The chairs for the King and Queen were craped in red velvet. George would have the pleasure of sitting beside the King. As he waited, he fumbled through a sheaf of papers that contained his speech. One by one, other people took their seats. George had wished government representatives would come from Regina, but the governor-general had developed laryngitis and the premier was at an Ottawa Conference. However, the mayor, the reeve, two councillors, the school teacher, the local minister, and the president of the Woman's Auxiliary were there.

A band had been assembled. There was an out-of-tune tuba, two harmonicas, a mouth organ, several twangy fiddles, and Miss Isabella played the flute. Samuel was the conductor. To keep the crowd from becoming too restless, the band played "Turkey in the Straw" and "Blue-bottle Fly".

George looked around his and was proud again. He grasped firmly the lapels of his new black suit ordered from the summer edition of the mail-order catalogue. George was proud of himself--he was in government.

He looked at the water tower east of the town. His nephew was stationed there with binoculars to announce the coming of the train.

Finally, the nephew hollered; "It's comin'."

The crowd was jubilant. Now they all could see the funnel of smoke vomiting forth from the train. Now they could silver cars behind the chugging engine. Tie by tie, it was coming closer to Georgeville. As the train reached a certain point, Samuel raised his baton and let it quiver momentarily in the air. Then he brought it down and the band played:

"God save our Gracious King.
Long live our noble (swoosh) King --"

The band stopped. All faces turned and watched a black blob diminishing in the West. Yes, the King of England has come to Georgeville, Saskatchewan, and gone too. Some said they had seen the King looking out the window. There were others who said they had seen the Queen, but most of the people did not care. The crowd slowly drifted to the hotel. George lingered behind. What should have been the greatest day of his life, had turned to dismal failure.

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First Sights

It was December twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred, and I had just been born to a native couple in the thick jungles of South America. The world I found was rather different from what I had originally expected.

Breathing in the humid, sultry air was quite a task, but soon I became accustomed to it. The small hut was all but barren. It was made of enormous green leaves. The roof appeared to be a shallow basket woven from long blades of jungle grass. Hard, beaten earth served as a floor.

Looking at me was my mother. Her long, jet-black, straggly hair hung down like dried grass in a weather-beaten haystack, and all but hid her face; her shiny dark eyes sparkled with excitement as she beheld me; her nose bore signs of mild torture because it was punctured; and her lips though quite shapeless, formed the most lovely smile.

Father was standing nearby. He was a muscular being, and I momentarily hesitated to survey him for fear of his brutal strength (my measly muscles being no fair match to his). But I looked at him with such great adoration that his face softened, and I became more at ease. Life had left its trademark on him. Wrinkles adorned his large forehead, and his lips were puckered with age. His hair were missing and all that was left was a shiny surface from which sunlight was reflected.

This was my first picture of the world--a world which consisted of a hut, Mother, and Father. Life, by now, has broadened my world, but if it hadn't been for my first sights, I wouldn't be here.

-Betty Kehler

Light of Darkness

Darkness, a stately home of evilness,
Enfolds that which man in secret hides;
Reveals only a dull drear shadiness,
Slyly hiding light, that in freedom chides.
Never passed a day without a night;
Cuddling moving life into a den of dark;
Never soared display of love to heights
As absence of light, upon a pair of hearts.
Darkness alone evokes beauty of brightness,
The black of heaven with its starry marks
As droplets of silver on a large black dress.
Grand light, or minute, o'ershadows a world of dark.
How grandly pierces a forcing finger of light;
Alone it calmly fills man's need of sight.

-Joe Braun

Winter Night on the Prairie

Autumn is past, and whiteness drenches the land,
Night unveils its weird enigmas and clouds
The earth in solemn, immortal darkness;
Beams of moonlight flow through heaven's shrouds,
Bathing the surface with silver, luminous bands;
Black blotches gape at the open sky---lifeless.
Tilled furrows fight, or seem to fight, the savage wind
Until their laboured breathing softly dies.
The smoothly heaving land lies calm, as death's own hand,
Waiting in frozen solitude for spring's sunrise.
Far---the endless distance shatters a flickering light;
It is gone! No, a faint gleam lingers on.
Country crosses bear their thin, heavy burdens,
Barren trees join hands in nature's copses
And ask, "When comes the fulfillment of our lives?
Where hides the ray of eternal light?"
The wind gathers up in wisps the moon-touched snow,
And eastward urges it on to go.

-Ken Braun

Spring

The winter left us,
And we were rather glad.
Glad, not so much because
We were anticipating Spring
But because we were sick of Winter.
Relief--Ah.
But the Spring, what is there in Spring?
The ragged transition from freeze to fry;
Mud and mud----Phooey.
Traces of summer, traces of winter,
Bleak trees, muddy fields and roads,
Rain and snow,
Freezing rain, melting snow,
Green grass, bleak trees,
Dirty houses, dirty vehicles,
Dirty people, filthy animals.
(But permit me for a moment to be idealistic)
There is one redeeming factor in Spring:
Regeneration--birth.
Were it not for this,
Were it not for the fact that nature
Regains its poise,
Spring would be as meaningless
As a human without humanity.

---Eric David Friesen

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Experiences of an Old Shoe

I am an old brown shoe. My toes are all wrinkled and scuffed from hard wear. I have a bad tear in my side. However, my heel is very new; for my old heel (who was a much better worker than my new heel) became worn out and died because of over-work and tension. My back is breaking because an old "mud-dried" pair of work-boots is lying on top of me. Oh dear, right now I feel my bones creaking under the weight. But, the idea of being dispatched by my owner has made me cry a lot which has made my leather dry and cracked. I wasn't even washed when she cast me out; during my working life I was always very neat and clean.

However, when I was young and carefree, oh!! The day I was bought I went to my first ball. I was admired by everyone (especially by the gentlemen) for my shine and lovely colour. I loved going to church. The floors were so soft and deeply carpeted and I sank in deep and warm. Then I started lying around for I looked shabby which I couldn't help for she became exceedingly careless about me. Mind you, once she even left me out in the rain! Now I am the way I am; and yet, I'm happy for I have many friends.

I...I hear the closet door opening. Does she want me? Yes...yes, she is taking...she is taking the work-boots off my back...oh, there...I can straighten up a little. But, she is placing me in a box with many of my friends and is taking the box to...I think...yes, to the garbage! I also see matches. I have reached my doom and yet, I have done my best for my owner. She may hate me, but I still love her, yes, yes, even, even now...I am warm and sleepy. I shall sleep for a long time.

-----Viola Braun, IX A

Colours

White snowflakes had covered the earth and the white blanket glistened like thousands of diamonds in the sunlight. A bird with blue and white feathers flitted by and travelled on to its nest in the skeleton of an old oak tree. The boughs of the tree were black, but slightly tinged with snow. Drifts surrounded the small white farmhouse, and evergreens, crowned with the recently fallen snow, encircled the farm. Grey smoke curled up lazily from the red chimney, only to vanish in thin wisps into the pale blue sky. Clean snow was piled high around the red barn with the white trimmings, and crystal blue icicles hung from its steep black roof. The landscape of this farmyard was just as if it had been painted by an expert artist on a beautiful, crisp winter day. This was the natural beauty of nature.

-----Ken Braun, XII

The Face

The air was stifling at the bazarre that day. The crowds sauntered listlessly around, looking at the displays and the various "side shows". As I drifted along, aimlessly following the crowd, my attention was suddenly focused on the face of a man, a face which seemed to stir some strange memory of the past. I knew that I had seen that face before; but why should it make me feel so uncomfortable and afraid?

The face was soon lost in the sea of faces before me. My curiosity overcame my fear and I started to move toward the spot where I had first glimpsed that dark, swarthy countenance. I remembered the strange light which gleamed from those dark eyes. The crowd pressed in around me. In the stifling heat I found myself gasping for breath as I pushed my way along.

After a time I stopped perplexed, unable to make up my mind where to look. I couldn't give up before I knew why I had been so strangely moved at the sight of that face. I turned to see where I was, and there, just behind me, I saw the man disappearing into a small tent. The colored letters read, "Geega, foretells the future". Then I remembered.

I was home all alone that Saturday afternoon. The doorbell had rung. The man at the door smiled politely and asked if he might come in. He said that he wished to tell my fortune. I politely refused him entrance. He became persistent and agitatedly claimed that he had to get this "revelation" off his mind. I began to feel uneasy, but as my curiosity overcame my fear, I allowed him to come in and tell me my future.

His "revelation" was a very strange one. I found myself nearly believing him. I laughed, but the power of his eyes, illumined by some strange light, held me. I began to feel afraid. I asked him to leave and nearly pushed him out the door. I felt exhausted and lay down on the sofa. My mother woke me when she came home. The incident was forgotten, but I shall never forget that face with those dark, gleaming eyes.

---Margaret Loewen, XI

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A Fight to the Death

Tarzan curled back his lips and emitted a low snarl, his eyes never leaving the giant cat that crouched a scant six feet away from him. The ape-man had been unfortunate enough to be caught on the open African veldt at night with a tiger on his heels and now had no alternative than to face the ferocious beast in a fight to the death.

The ape-man stood his ground and knew no fear. Fear might have immobilized a lesser man, but Tarzan's brain was clear and alert, coldly weighing the situation and calculating his chances for survival. His steel-blue eyes seemed to glow in the moonlight as they appraised every movement made by the cat. Finally, the tip of the tiger's tail began to move rhythmically back and forth and Tarzan knew that the attack was imminent.

When the cat finally leapt forward, the ape-man was ready. Just before the beast was upon him, he stepped to the side and, with a lightening-quick motion, he gained the cat's back, his legs straddling the tawny musculature of its massive back. The ape-man's arms encircled the cat's neck and his well-developed jaw muscles knotted as he sunk his strong white teeth into the creature's bony spine.

The cat writhed convulsively and fell over on its back, the ape-man beneath it. Its claws slashed wildly through the air and it somehow managed to regain its feet. Saliva drooled from the tiger's jaws and its enormous fangs glistened in the moonlight as it mopped viciously at the ape-man's shock of black hair.

But all its struggles were of no avail. The ape-man's left arm maintained a vise-like grip on the tiger's neck while the free right arm whipped to the ape-man's side to draw forth a long steel blade from its sheath. Tarzan's right arm poised high in the air for an instant and then the steel muscles bunched beneath his bronzed skin as he plunged the lethal blade deep into the tiger's entrails.

A shudder ran through the animal's body, and it slowly crumpled to the ground. Tarzan relinquished his hold on the lifeless, but still formidable form of the dean tiger and leapt to his feet, eyes flashing. Standing astride the prostrate beast, he flung back his head and beat his chest. From his throat came the horrible victory cry of the bull-ape, and all the jungle tumbled at the sound, and knew that Tarzan, the ape-man, had tasted the sweet wine of victory.

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The cat writhed convulsively and fell over on its back, the ape-man beneath it. Its claws slashed wildly through the air as it somehow managed to regain its feet. Saliva drooled from the tiger's jaws and the enormous fangs glistened in the moonlight as it mopped viciously at the ape-man's shock of black hair.

But all its struggles were of no avail. The ape-man's left arm maintained a vise-like grip on the tiger's neck while the free right arm whipped to the ape-man's side to draw forth a long steel blade from its sheath. Tarzan's right arm poised high in the air for an instant and then the steel muscles punched beneath his bronzed skin as he plunged the lethal blade deep into the tiger's entrails.

A shudder ran through the animal's body, and it slowly crumpled to the ground. Tarzan relinquished his hold on the lifeless, but still formidable form of the dead tiger and leapt to his feet, eyes flashing. Standing astride the prostrate beast, he flung back his head and best his chest. From his throat came the horrible victory cry of the bull-ape, and all the jungle trembled at the sound, and knew that Tarzan, the ape-man, had tasted the sweet wine of victory.

A DOG ON CAMPUS

Consider for a moment the canine pet of some lowly undergraduate. Racing madly about the campus, he chases cars with so much exuberance that it looks as if he will die of joy at any moment. Great joy is his, for this is his day to be free, his day to express himself. And so he does. With a look of murder in his eyes (which he would have found impossible to carry through), he growls at an assistant professor of Physics, so decomposing the poor man that he tells his next class that Galileo discovered the Law of Relativity (a bad mistake for an assistant professor to make.). Then, with a look of malicious glee on his face, the dog attempts to sneak into the library, and, wonder of wonders, he succeeds! Once in the library, he is at a loss for something to do, but he had a lot of fun getting in, anyway. Finally his worst hopes are realized. A loathsome mammoth of a man is coming towards him with a butterfly net. And not because there is a butterfly on his head either. Instant realization floods through his brain. This travesty on the human form must be a F*O*O*T* 3*1*L* player (that glorious game of all colleges). With his keen aversion to F*O*O*T* 3*1*L* players, the canine creature shares a keen aversion to being caught with a butterfly net, and so he is left with but one choice. He takes it. Through the man's legs he goes, bowling him over, only to run into the waiting arms of his master. As his master takes him back to their boarding house, the dog feels no regret, for this is his chosen vocation, and there will be many more days in which he will be able to practice it before his master leaves college.

It all started during his fifth year in school. Until then he had been getting on fine with the teachers and the students. But one of these good students couldn't leave him alone. Soon this one good student had pulled many other good students into the current with him. Names like "Lunatic Leunen" were soon so commonplace that even the teachers were quite familiar with them.

Leunen, of course, did not think much of the proceedings. Sure, he enjoyed jokes but being a chronic butt wasn't very funny. Soon he was so painfully self-conscious that in his own mind every stare, laugh, or cruel word was directed at him. Everything and everyone was out for his blood, in his own opinion. Of course all these good people made Leunen feel inferior but he was just "Lunatic Leunen" so no one could be bothered with "him". His parents couldn't be bothered either. They had more important problems. The taxes were overdue. The car needed two new tires. So Leunen struggled on through the harsh words and biting laughs.

The next year Leunen moved to Saskatchewan. But even there the car still needed new tires. So Leunen was forced into becoming a new fellow. He kept from sinking in a new way here. Dirty jokes and smoking were his life-savers. The last time I saw him he was still trying to float but the current was pulling more strongly. But of course the taxes have to be paid and the new car has to have tires.

---Clifford Falk, IX

A Restless People

We're children at play in the sand by the sea shore,
Forming castles from velvety sand;
And the laughing tide teasingly ebbs and advances
To swallow our dreams of before.
We cannot long remain at our play here,
The lulling sea breezes lag;
And the waves whisper warnings for us to withdraw now,
There's a storm brewing out in the sea.
Yet, we continue our play, not heeding the tempest;
There's hope in the sun's return;
The castles destroyed we can build up tomorrow
And continue to strive for the best;
For we people are restless, unsatisfied;
Perfection---we cannot be denied.

-Theresa Villeneuve

BUCCAROO BILL

Buccaroo Bill was born to an average family in 2550 A.D. He was one tenth of an inch in height, and weighed one gram. He was given special care, because he was such an extraordinary baby. Even with an enormous appetite he did not grow to be more than one foot in height. He ate one hundred pounds of food and drank fifty gallons of water. It became so bad that he was no longer invited out for lunch.

Buccaroo Bill, when he was not working hard, loved to bother people. He worked hard in school, when he felt like it. He could write one thousand words a minute; with this speed he only used one pencil during his entire school education. If he wanted to have fun, he hid in the cupboard. One day, he sneaked into a strange teacher's room and hid under the desk. He made strange noises and mimicked the teacher's voice and laugh. The teacher was so angry he wanted to know who the culprit was. When no one admitted, Buccaroo had the enjoyment of seeing all the students flogged.

Buccaroo Bill had such great strength, that he became a helpful superman. He fought wars for weakened armies, carried ships and planes from disaster, and carried millions of logs down to the lumber camps. He became widely known as "Lovable Superman". But one day, something happened, that no one, not even Paul Bunyan has been able to match. The people in Tanner, his home town, were in distress because the only source of water, the creek, had gone dry. They looked to Buccaroo Bill for help. And help he did! He built a huge washing machine, which, incidentally, was also the first ever built. Then he hoisted the three hundred mile long creek onto his back and carried it to the washing machine. He ran it through the wringer, and soon it was filled with fresh, sparkling water.

--Marlene Funk, I X

BUCCAROO BILL

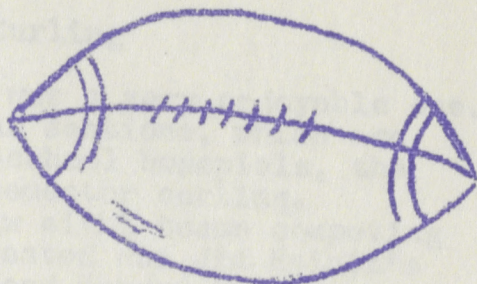
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--Marlene Funk, 1 X

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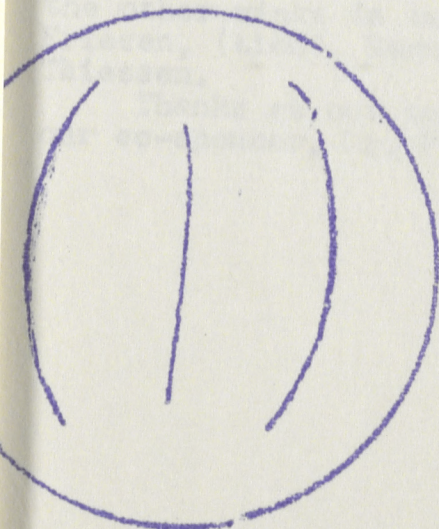


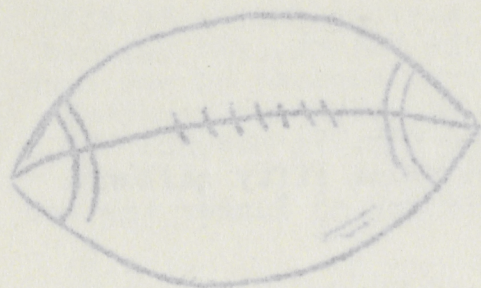
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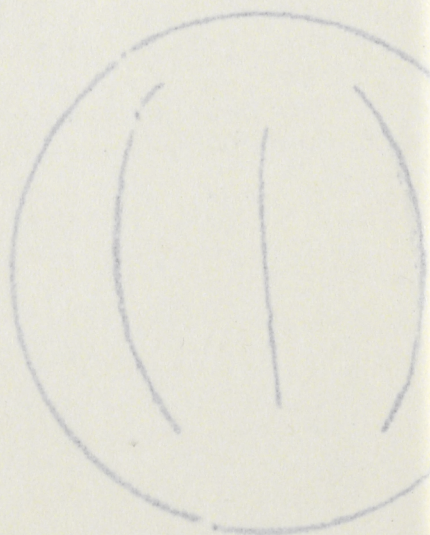
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High School Curling

Our curling season this year was a very enjoyable one. The season may be divided into four sections, which are first semester curling, the inter-school bonspiels, the novelty bonspiel, and the second semester curling.

The first semester curling saw eight teams competing for top honours. On top and undefeated was Jim Heintz's rink of Vic Friesen, Barry Wiens, and Sandra Heinrichs. The other teams, in order of standing, were skipped by Mr. Schmidt, Grant Thiessen, Mr. Wiebe, Bernie Friesen, Gordon Friesen, Bernard Nelson, and Pete Wiebe.

The inter-school bonspiels this year were held at Winkler and Rosenfeld, and the finals at Gretna. Altona was represented at all three bonspiels by two teams. Grant Thiessen's rink of Betty Friesen, Vic Friesen, and Gordon Friesen went to Winkler and Rosenfeld but failed to reach the finals in either bonspiel. Pete Wiebe's rink of Theresa Villeneuve, Lloyd Friesen, and Jim Heintz took second prize in the first event at Winkler, and again entered the finals for the Thiessen Transportation trophy at Gretna. They went undefeated until the final game against Ron Toews of Plum Coulee. They ran out of gas against him to again take second prize in the first event.

Our high school novelty bonspiel was held on a Friday and Saturday, and had to be finished on Tuesday because of warm weather. The winner of the first event was Jim Heintz and his rink of Marlene Buhr, Marlene Schroeder, and Bill Zacharias. Jim had to make a terrific shot with his last rock to edge out teacher Al Schmidt. The second event went to Ed Penner's rink of Margaret Guenther, Lois Hildebrand, and Vernon Friesen, who won quite handily over Pete Sawatsky.

The second semester curling saw Jim Heintz on top with the other rinks in this order: Mr. Hildebrand, Gordon Friesen, (tied), Bernard Nelson, Pete Wiebe, and Grant Thiessen.

Thanks go out to our very active sponsor Mr. Heide, and our co-sponsor, Mr. Friesen.

-Pete wiebe

High School Curling

Our curling season this year was a very enjoyable one. The season may be divided into four sections, which are first semester curling, the inter-school bonspiel, the novelty bonspiel, and the second semester curling. The first semester curling saw eight teams competing for top honors. On top and undefeated was Jim Heinze's rink of Vic Friesen, Barry Jones, and Sandra Holmboe. The other teams, in order of standing, were skipped by Mr. Schmidt, Grant Thiesen, Mr. Wiebe, Bernie Friesen, Gordon Friesen, Bernard Nelson, and Pete Wiebe. The inter-school bonspiel this year was held at Winkler and Rosenthal, and the finals at Grouse. It was represented at all three bonspiels by two teams, Grant Thiesen's rink of Betty Friesen, Vic Friesen, and Gordon Friesen went to Winkler and Rosenthal but failed to reach the finals in either bonspiel. Pete Wiebe's rink of Theresa Villeneuve, Lloyd Friesen, and Jim Heinze took second prize in the first event at Winkler, and again entered the finals for the Thiesen Transportation trophy at Grouse. They went undefeated until the final game against Ron Toews of Plum Coulee. They ran out of gas against him to again take second prize in the first event. Our high school novelty bonspiel was held on a Friday and Saturday, and had to be finished on Tuesday because of warm weather. The winner of the first event was Jim Heinze and his rink of Barbara Burr, Marlene Schroeder, and Bill Zacharias. Jim had to make a terrific shot with his last rock to edge out teacher Al Schmidt. The second event went to Ed Penner's rink of Margaret Gensher, Lois Hildebrand, and Vernon Friesen, who won quite handsily over Pete Sawatzky. The second semester curling saw Jim Heinze on top with the other rinks in this order: Mr. Hildebrand, Gordon Friesen, (tied), Bernard Nelson, Pete Wiebe, and Grant Thiesen. Thanks go out to our very active sponsor Mr. Wiebe, and our co-sponsor, Mr. Friesen.

-Pete Wiebe

REPORT ON VOLLEYBALL

As in the previous three years, volleyball became the main sport after our basketball season terminated. Three girls' teams, and the one teachers' team were drawn up. The girls competed on Tuesdays, while the boys played on Mondays and Wednesdays. For a number of Thursdays, actually five, one boys' team would play the teachers' team. After playing each team once, the staff shyly withdrew from league play. Our teams, I believe, were too well practiced and won too many successive games. However, the staff had a good team.

The three girls' teams were captained by competent players; Gwen Reimer, Betty Kehler, and Jolene Toews. The five boys' teams were captained by Barry Braun, Pete Wiebe, Dennis Siemens, Gerald Gerbrandt, and Ray Harder. The teachers' team was well coached by Mr. Hildebrand, and consisted of Mr. Pauls, Mr. Helde, Mr. Rempel, Mr. Smith, Mr. Braun, Mr. Friesen, and Mr. Schmidt. The teachers' were quite superior in that they were actually captained by eight players, whereas the students' teams by only one.

It was an exciting year of volleyball. Each team won and lost. Some, however, won more games, but then, isn't that always the case in sports?

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball season ended quietly this year. There were none of the hair-raising thrillers which were experienced last season, when the Aces captured the R.R.V.B.L. championship and represented the league in the provincial playdowns in Winnipeg. Out of five games played after Christmas, the Altona boys won four. However, these victories were insufficient to warrant them a play-off position, and they humbly accepted their overall defeat. Lack of enthusiasm and an unco-operative team were part of the reason for its needless downfall this year.

A surprising event took place when our Aces defeated Emerson, one of the league's weakest teams, by a margin of only seven points. The score was 44-37. Norden was next on the agenda, and Altona upset the first-place team of Zone 4's western division by a score of 49-24. In the third game against Carman, a fairly confident Altona team faced the relatively weak Carman team, and the Aces were again victorious. Scoring was more evenly distributed among individual members than in previous games, and thereby a total of 61 points to Carman's 38 were collected. Altona convincingly overwhelmed Miami 62-37, but Miami showed that their team had made definite progress since the previous year. The last and final league game for Altona was played against Winkler. During the first half, Altona put up a really good effort, but in the second half, their shots refused to pass through the hoop. Not one point was scored by Altona in the fourth quarter. They lost 52-30.

The annual high school basketball tournament was scheduled for February 21 and 22. The Aces' first game was played against Winkler, and this game turned out to be one of the most exciting witnessed by Altona fans this year. It was a hard-fought, close game to the bitter end, and Altona, unfortunately, ended up five points short. The final score was 38-33 for Winkler. The blizzard of February 12 ruined the entire tournament and forced most of the teams to stay home.

Thus, the high school basketball careers of several of our team members terminated abruptly. Stalwarts like Barry Braun, Gerald Gerbrandt, Joe Braun, and Kenn Driedger, who have been with the team for four years, will be leaving next year. As a result, an almost entirely new team, centered around our up-and-coming star, John Dick, will have to be constructed.

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

After the long Christmas recess, our basketball season once more got underway with a game against Emerson. We finished off with a 25-5 victory over the Emerson girls. Gwen Reimer led the scoring for Altona with 15 points.

This victory was followed by a win of 43-7 against the Morden girls of the Western Division. Carman proved to be a fast and efficient team. They defeated us by a score of 27-14. In the next game we were beaten 35-28 after a hardfought battle with Miami. The season ended with a game against Winkler which they won.

Our annual tournament was held during the weekend of February 22nd. Friday night we played the Morris girls in Altona. What a game! It was everything we had worked for and hoped for. We fought hard and beat the top team in our league by one point. That was the sweetest victory this team has ever won.

Saturday the tournament moved to Winkler. A severe snowstorm prevented about half the teams from appearing. We were defeated by Carman, but by substituting for an absent team we managed to win a game against Morden. Thus, by default and a fateful snowstorm we won the Consolation victory of the tournament. Jolene Toews, our centre, was a close second in the foul shooting contest. Gerald Gerbrandt won the foul shooting for the boys.

Gwen Reimer was nominated by the team as our most valuable player of the year. Gwen, who plays right guard, was our top scorer. Her drive and ability spurred our team on to a successful season.

As scores indicate, our team improved as the season progressed. The team expresses sincere gratitude to our coach, Earl Dick, who made such a good season possible. We also thank Mr. Rempel for his assistance.

We regret the loss of our right forward, Marjorie Jansen, but we hope that the rest of the team will come back for another good season next year.

-----Margaret Loween

Individual Statistics

Gerald Gerbrandt--156
Barry Braun-----133
Kenn Driedger-----67
John Dick-----67
Dennis Siemens-----39
Joe Braun-----26
Vic Friesen-----2

Post-Christmas Games

Emerson--37	Altona--44
Morden---24	Altona--49
Carman---38	Altona--61
Miami---37	Altona--62
Winkler--52	Altona--30

-----Ken Braun, XII

Girl's Statistics

Individual Statistics

Gwen Reimer -----94
Jolene Toews -----73
Margaret Loewen ---64
Marjorie Janzen ---39
Elizabeth Friesen - 2
Betty Friesen -----1

Post-Christmas Games

Emerson-- 5	Altona--35
Morden--- 7	Altona--43
Carman---27	Altona--14
Miami---35	Altona--28
Winkler--25	Altona--15

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